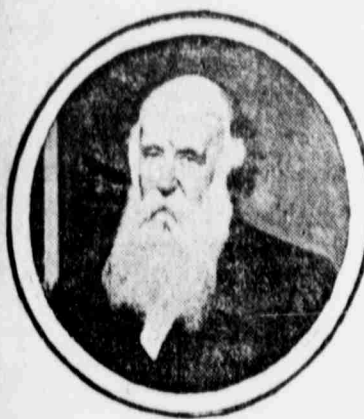




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Dowie and Zion Cities.



The prophet Elijah III. returns from a two months' stay in Mexico, with the announcement that President Diaz has virtually promised him 2,000,000 acres on which to establish a new Zion city.

A tract of this area would contain 3,125 square miles of territory. It would be ample as a site for a large religious community, while affording sufficient scope for the operations of a Dowie Land Company, Limited.

Dowie's original Zion City, on the shores of Lake Michigan, near Chicago, occupied a site of 6,500 acres, or a little more than ten square miles. Within five years after the city was plotted it had a population of 10,000 and represented an investment of \$15,000,000. In addition to the Tabernacle and Assembly buildings it comprised extensive stores, a large hotel, lace-making works, candy factories, brick yards, and other flourishing industries. Whatever may be thought of Dowie's peculiar tenets, of his capability as a promoter there can be no question.

If his Mexican project goes through, Dowie will have opportunities which will be the envy of all promoters.

He will be ruler and spiritual overlord of a region nearly three times as large as the State of Rhode Island. With capable press agents to extol the superior benefits of residence in this salubrious sub-tropical Utopia, there is no reason why immigration from all quarters should not be stimulated and the colony made a success from the start. If other lures fail, the inducement of a passport to heaven with every title deed and the incidental attraction of silver mines only awaiting development ought to prove persuasive.

America has been prolific in experiments in community life. It has had Fourier "phalanxes" without number, of which Brook Farm was one; Ruskin colonies, Topolobampo, the Doukhobors, the Mormons, the Shakers, the Harmonists and the Amana and Oneida Communities.

Some have existed only for a day. Others have taken root and thrived. But wherever a colony of this kind has flourished it has had a religious idea to animate it. In that lay the strength of the Mormons and the Shakers. In the case of Dowie and his proposed "Paradise Plantation" in Mexico, there is an artful combination of the spiritual with the very material which would have aroused the interest and won the respect of the late P. T. Barnum.

Ibsen.

If Ibsen, whose end is near, had died thirty years ago, there would have been none of that extensive output of pathological drama which is his monument. There would be no one to acclaim him master and no laurel wreaths. Would not the world be better off?

How has it profited humanity to have the clinical studies in moral disease, the investigations of hereditary blood taint, the dissection of morbid social tissue which constitute the fabric of his plays? What benefit has society derived from his unveiling of skeletons in closets and his exploitation of moral ulcers? Of what real value are the Heddas and Noras, the Theas and the Mrs. Alving and the whole gallery of neurotic femininity?

To Ibsen is due what credit there may be as the originator of the modern short cut to success in stage authorship. He first demonstrated the inherent and unfulfilling interest in ideals of vice as dramatic themes and proved that, given the requisite morbidity of plot, style and construction may be left to take care of themselves.

Why is not the name of James Hazen Hyde on the list of boss-breakers whom the City Club is to compliment with a dinner? Isn't Mr. Hyde the most illustrious boss-breaker of them all?

Can They Weather the Storm?

By J. Campbell Cory.



Letters from the People

"How About Young Gould?"

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would like the opinion of fair-minded readers as to the treatment accorded young Kingdon Gould by his classmates at Columbia. He resented their rough fun, last year, it is claimed, by drawing a gun on them and firing. In return they blackballed him from a college society. Are they right or wrong in so doing? How about young Gould? It seems to me that this subject opens a rather interesting field for discussion from young and old alike. And I'd like to hear readers' opinions. PHILEAS.

For Russian Sufferers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: It is two years and more since the awful horrors in Russia have begun. Almost three years since the blood of the pitiable victims first washed the streets of Darkest Russia. The civilized world weeps with the sufferers who

have already sacrificed their lives to the bloodthirsty human lions, and with those who are still victims of the powerful murders of Darkest Russia. We weep! oh! we weep! but what have we accomplished? Do not the martyrs still fall and victims still suffer? Wherefore, let us beg, for mercy's sake, that America open all its doors far and wide to the needy, poor and helpless sufferers of Russia. SADIE A. GOLDWASSER.

Suffers for His Principles.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a young man in business. I have always been taught that it is wrong to drink. Yet I see seemingly good men in the business world who drink. I am often asked to drink by them, and often I see it injure, or seems to injure, my advancement when I refuse. What am I to do, readers? I am a member of a temperance society back at home,

and my parents would grieve bitterly if they heard of my touching liquor. Yet I do not want to be a milkop, and I cannot afford to neglect such business opportunities as moderate conviviality might sometimes bestow on me. I await advice. COUNTRY BOY.

Despair of the Unemployed.

To the Editor of The Evening World: There are many cases in this great city where honest men and women, penniless, hungry for days, with no one to speak to or encourage them, destitute of friends, without a chance of earning a dollar, going from one factory to another seeking employment, willing to do anything and yet unable to get work. What remains for such unfortunate people? What good future might there be for them? What have they to look forward to and how certain to be encouraged? They have no consolation, no hour of happiness, but days of hunger and nights of misery, wondering where the next day will bring them. What good, I ask, is there in store for such unfortunate? And there are thousands of such. AN AMERICAN.

Repeating and Graver Sins.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In reading of the "repeaters" I was glad, for the sake of justice, that they are to be punished, yet felt sorry. Are such men more guilty of violating the law than were the insurance-grafters? Is a man any more guilty when he accepts his two dollar bribe to break the law by voting illegally than are richer men who bribe State officers? The poor and unfortunate often have no conscience to guide them, but the rich and influential lawbreaker has a conscience which he manufactures to suit the occasion, but such a conscience is a poor guide for an honest man to follow. NEW YORKER.

Answers to Questions

NEW YORK THRO' GLASSES

By I. S. Cobb.

A MAN who had a job as shipping clerk right around the corner from Wall street got a ten days vacation, and went back home to see the folks. For two years he had been living in an individual-size hall-room equipped with a pocket inkstand stove and a bed with a mattress about as thick as a fried egg. Sometimes he had a chair in the room, and then you couldn't open the door all the way. His window commanded a view of the back-end of a rubber factory and a stretch of the Elevated tracks. For these accommodations the shipping clerk paid \$4.50 a week. The rest of his salary went for food, clothing, and the luxuries and amusements of a wide metropolis.

Every single day for lunch he had two whole crullers and a glass of almost milk. Quite frequently on Saturday nights he went out for dinner to a 40-cent table d'hôte place, where you had a choice of two kinds of meat and a quantity of purple-cupping fluid in a wine bottle. Often on a Sunday afternoon he would take a dandy street car ride away up to Harlem River; or, if he felt real uptight, he would go to a sacred concert and see the performing dogs and the Tate Sisters—Erie and Agie—in their great skipping-rope turn. But mostly he spent his spare hours at the house, getting the worth of his apartment. So he went home for his ten days' vacation. There he had the use of a bed.



room bigger than the lobby of a Broadway theatre. He could sleep late in the mornings. And the home-folks fed him on fried chicken and strawberry preserves, with real strawberries in it, and hot bluet—the genuine article, not pallid dough sinkers that died of white-swelling and were improperly embalmed, like those he got on Park Row. He went buggy-riding and horseback riding, and the minister and leading citizens called on him. But he wouldn't be satisfied. He told everybody that he just couldn't help it—he kept longing for Dear Old Broadway. The day had passed when he could hope to be happy more than fifteen miles from Longacre Square. More than tongue could tell he missed lights along the Great White Way. And then, of course, there was his club. He didn't explain that it was the Westside Pressing Club, \$1 down and a dollar a month. He managed to stay out the ten days, but it was a considerable strain.

THE FUNNY PART: Most of them get the same disease.

Odd Case of Dual Mentality.

A MOST remarkable creature is the chameleon. To all appearances the nervous centres in one lateral half of this animal work independently of those on the other, and it has two lateral centres of perception—sensation and motion—besides the common one in which must reside the faculty of concentration. The eyes move independently of one another and convey separate impressions to their respective centres of perception. The consequence is that when the animal is agitated its movements resemble those of two animals, or rather perhaps two halves of animals glued together. Each half wishes to go its own way and there is no concordance of action, says the Chicago News.

Therefore the chameleon is the only four-legged vertebrate that is unable to swim; it becomes so frightened when dropped into water that all faculty of concentration is lost and the creature tumbles about as if in a state of intoxication. When a chameleon is undisturbed every impulse so motion is referred to the proper tribunal and the whole organism acts in accordance with its desires. The eye, for example, that receives the strongest impression, propagates it to the common centre, which then prevails upon the other eye to follow that impression and direct the gaze toward the same object.

Moreover, the chameleon may be fast asleep on one side and wide awake on the other. Cautiously approached at night with a candle set as not to awaken the whole animal at once, the eye turned toward the light will open, begin to move, and the corresponding side to change color. The other will remain for a longer or shorter time in a torpid, motionless and unchanged state with its eye fast shut.

Latest Bullet-Proof Jacket.

SUCCESSFUL trials have taken place with a new bullet-proof jacket invented by an Austrian. Bullets fired from a Mannlicher rifle at a distance of two and one-half yards flattened after penetrating only a sixth of an inch. The jacket is less than one-half inch thick, weighs five pounds and costs \$1.

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

SUBJECT—Chauncey M. Depew. Favorite Sport—Golfing. Favorite Task—Failing to remember. Favorite Book—"The Equine salary list." Favorite Author—George Chapman. Favorite Artist—James W. Alexander. Favorite Fruit—The canned peach. Favorite Plant—Any hardy annual. Favorite Vehicle—"The merry-go-round." Favorite Musical Instrument—"The lyre." Favorite Character in History—Pantaloon.

A New Yorker's Strange Quest for a Pirate Hoard

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. Stephen Gault, a young New Yorker, who has lost his fortune, joins a circus troupe, and, through an accidental influence over wild animals, eventually becomes a lion tamer. While the circus is at Block Island he meets Anne Gray, whom he has loved in former days. Israel Metford, an ancestor of Gault, was a pirate, rumored to have buried a treasure somewhere on Block Island. Gault, as a boy, had found a despatch box, once the possession of Israel. On its cover a daggled verse was scratched. Paul Metford, another descendant of Israel, is also on Block Island, where he is conducting some mysterious quest. He is in love with Anne. An islander's horse, eating a corpse, is frightened and runs away, smashing a wagon. Metford's dog enters the coupe, and in a moment later found crumpled. Death, though the corpse is apparently empty, Metford has an incomplete clue to the treasure buried by his ancestor. Stephen learns that the full clue is contained in the despatch verse he found as a boy on Israel's despatch box. The long hunt for the pirate hoard has snatched Metford's intellect. He is in love with Anne. She rejects him. He fancies Gault is in search of the treasure and resolves to prevent him from finding it. Stephen and Anne undertake to decipher the cryptogram. They become engaged.

CHAPTER VII.

A Night Alarm.

THE sight that met Stephen Gault's gaze as he entered his little sleeping apartment in the dormitory tent readily accounted for his cry of surprise.

The cubby-hole room was in a state of disorder. The lock of Gault's trunk had been smashed, the trunk itself lay open and its contents strewn broadcast about the floor. The mattress of the cot had been out open from end to end by a blunt weapon of some sort and its hair lining was heaped beside the ruined ticking. Every article in the place had been overturned or torn apart.

"What's up, Steve?" asked a burly man in a checked suit and a diamond-studded red tie. Attracted by Gault's angry exclamation, he had looted across from an opposite tent.

"Look there, Mr. Currier!" said Stephen furiously, as he stood aside and pointed to the wreckage.

The circus proprietor blinked, as his eyes sought to pierce the dusky interior. Then he swore, long and fluently.

"Who's done that?" he shouted, his voice drawing a knot of attendants to the spot. "What dirty thief in my employ has dared to go through your things?"

The Lion Tamer

By Albert Payson Terhune



he dropped it. But the sleeve-links are in the tray where I left them, the bills are lying loose on the floor, and I remember leaving my watch on that wash-stand when I went out. The man who upset the room had no idea of stealing. It's some one's idea of a joke, that's all."

"It is, is it?" cried Currier. "Well, I'll be the most expensive joke he ever played, and—"

"Hello!" interrupted Stephen, "he's even pried open the back of my watch case. And, see, every letter I have is pulled out of its envelope!"

"This doesn't look like a joke," said Currier, more gravely. "It looks more as if the man had been hunting for some special thing. A paper most like Gault, in a puzzled tone. 'If he meant to rob me and then had to drop the booty in a hurry in his escape, it would be lying in a heap together where

only stayed a minute after he followed into the tent and then he came out alone. So when I saw him come out of this tent again about an hour ago I thought he had been visitin' you, and I didn't bother him."

A light broke on Stephen. He saw the whole affair clearly now. Metford had been a girl in a moment, as if he were being whipped, all through a thunder storm. I believe he smells the thunder even now. He hasn't lain down all evening, but just kept walking up and down as you see him. It's a wonder he doesn't wear the pads off the bottom of his feet."

"There's nothing the matter with him," pronounced Stephen after a cursory examination of the girl and her striped body. "I wonder how you any I would stand it if we were cooped like this all night."

"We'd probably do some extra walking, too, to keep in condition. Old Mahmoud's all right. Aren't you fed up?"

He pressed his hands along the bars and ran his fingers along the beast's lithe spine. Mahmoud checked his endless to walk and stood still as a statue, enjoying the petting.

"He's a bit excited, just as you said," remarked Stephen, as he moved on to the next cage. "He stood quiet enough, but I could feel the nerves beating his withers twitching. That's always a sure sign."

Finnegan glanced admiringly at his

roughly tired, and he went early to bed. It is not often that a man, in one and the same day, sustains an attempt on his life, learns to read, holds a cipher which may lead him to untold wealth, and is accepted by the woman he adores. The combination was sufficient to weary man of even Gault's trained physique.

Before retiring, Stephen, as was his invariable custom, made the rounds of the menagerie to see that the animals were comfortable and safe for the night.

A keeper always slept on a pallet of straw in the menagerie tent, but the beasts had grown to expect the "good night" visit of their trainer and were restless if he omitted it.

To-night, as he passed from cage to cage of the dimly lighted menagerie, the fastenings, speaking a friendly word or giving an occasional caress to the occupants, he noted that this night the keeper had left open the big flap at the lower end of the tent.

Fitful gusts of salty air blew in, but the evening was unusually warm, and calm for the time of the year, and low-lying black clouds hung over the island.

"Funny weather for October," commented Finnegan, the keeper. "It's warm as August, and there seems to be a thunder shower coming up. It's so close here that I thought I'd leave one end of the tent open to let in a little air for the beasts. The heat makes them uneasy."

"All right," assented Stephen, "but be sure to close the flap if a storm should come up. You know how lightning always excites Mahmoud."

Pointing as he spoke to the Bengal tiger that paced nervously from one end to the other of the narrow cage.

"I'll be careful, all right," promised Finnegan. "That tiger's as afraid of lightning as a girl is of a mouse. I've seen him tremble and cower, as if he were being whipped, all through a thunder storm. I believe he smells the thunder even now. He hasn't lain down all evening, but just kept walking up and down as you see him. It's a wonder he doesn't wear the pads off the bottom of his feet."

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(To Be Continued.)